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Game of Spies



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Chapter 1 by Abhishek Chakma

A small tuft of smoke lingered in the room, drifting across towards the open window through which a breeze hustled in making a whistling noise. They lay on a bed in the center of a 10 by 8 seedy hotel room. Loud EDM could be heard buzzing in a nearby room while the dark night outside stood still like a sentry. Praveen let go of another ring of smoke and put aside his 4th cigarette in an ashtray which looked as grey as the damp walls surrounding him. Loud thunder now replaced the sound of electronic music and soon a downpour started.

Praveen looked intently at his companion, sleeping like a baby beside him draped in a moldy old blanket. He ran a finger down her barren back and then all the way up. The woman smiled lightly and twitched just a slight bit. The yellow sodium lamp in the room cast a ghostly pallor across the room which was adorned only by the bed and a large poster of Pamela Anderson in a swimsuit on the wall. The window started creaking soon as the wind became stronger.

Praveen walked up to the window and looked down at the road, a fifth cigarette on his lips, waiting to be lit. Rain splattered onto his naked torso. Swearing under his breath, Praveen drew back his hair and picked up the buzzing phone.

'Hello?'

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'We have been compromised'

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The call went dead. There were footsteps on the creaking staircase. Shadows started building outside the door. The EDM had gone cold long back.

The door burst open.

Eight men wearing black camouflage flooded the small room and quickly silenced the screaming whore with two bursts from a semi-automatic. One checked outside the window.

"Nobody here".

Two men rushed back down the stairs, jumped over the body of the receptionist and outside onto the road.

Two others broke open each door and checked for their target. Muffled gunshots broke the silence as they stifled anything that moved.

"He is not here"

Anger coursed through the leader of the pack. He opened his mask, revealing a war torn face with a deep gash across his face, gleaming in the eerie light. Drawing a Glock, he put a bullet through one of his comrades.

Down at the garbage dump across the hotel, Praveen sat hunched, observing the activity near the first floor window. He drew his wet overcoat closer and walked away from the building, with only one thing on his mind... "Kill them all"!

Chapter 2 by deep blue sea



".....and then he says I got it all wrong !..." The laughter from the group of people around him startled him back to reality and he faked a smile. He excused himself and made his way through the ballroom of lovely ladies in cocktail dresses and men in bowties. As he headed towards the men's room, he heard his name over the jazz music, the mirthful chattering of the crowd and the clink of champagne glasses. He did not turn to see who it was. He could recognize the voice

anywhere, even if it had been 8 years since he last heard it.

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"Praveen..." He stood still, his head tilted back, breathing on his neck.

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led to a whisper, gently

He suddenly whirled around and pulled her by the waist and kissed her. They were consumed in their passion for each other ; or at least that is what the onlookers thought. What nobody saw was the gun he pressed against her back as he kissed her.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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